

THE LADY'S PEARL.

AUGUST, 1842.

Original.

THE TWO BEAUTIES.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

(Concluded from page 10.)

"WHY do you make yourself so unhappy, Emma?" asked Mr. Hartly of his wife, the former Miss Thompson, who sat leaning her head upon her hand in moody silence. No one who looked upon her face, would have called Mrs. Hartly beautiful. And yet, her features were still regular, her eyes bright, and her cheek blooming. But the selfish, restless, unquiet spirit within, governed the expression of her countenance, causing each one who looked into her face, except when it was arrayed in smiles, to turn away, rather than permit his eyes to linger.

To the question of Mr. Hartly, though made in a tone of sympathizing tenderness, his wife deigned no reply. This seemed to annoy him, and he said, after the lapse of a few moments, in a firmer voice,

"Emma, it seems to me, that a simple regard for your husband's comfort would be sufficient to make you more watchful over your feelings, so as to prevent these periodical seasons of imaginary unhappiness. When you look so troubled, it casts a gloom over every one around you."

This aroused Mrs. Hartly, and she replied in rather a sharp, indignant tone,

"O yes! Every body's comfort must be studied but mine! I must consider every one, but nobody thinks of considering *me*."

"I do not understand what you mean, Emma. Speak out plainly," her husband said, still more decidedly.

"I mean just what I say. I am expected to consider every body, but nobody thinks of considering *me*."

"I am sure, Emma, that I consider your happiness as much as I can."

"You have a strange way of showing it, sometimes;" and the wife tossed her head with an air.

"Emma! I do not understand you. Speak out plainly. If I have wounded your feelings in any way, I am perfectly unconscious of having done so."

"O, of course!" and the head was again tossed, while there was on her lip, the slightest perceptible curl.

Mr. Hartly was a quick tempered, though kind hearted man. He was indulgent to his wife, and thoughtful of her comfort, but always felt more or less irritated whenever she put on any of her unreasonable airs. He had been annoyed so much by

them, and was so constantly giving offence without meaning to do so, that he was becoming sensitive in regard to the matter, and was often on the point of using harsh language. But, hitherto he had restrained himself. Now, however, he was tried beyond endurance, and he said, in reply to his wife's sneer at the remark that he was unconscious of having wounded her feelings,

"I have borne this kind of language, and this chiding, contemptuous manner long enough, Emma. Now, let me tell you, distinctly, that I intend bearing it no longer. If I have, unconsciously, wounded you, in any way, speak out, and tell me plainly. But do not, any longer, jeopardize our happiness by a course of conduct which your husband cannot, and will not endure. Now speak out, and let me know what I have done."

But Mrs. Hartly was in no mood to deal openly and frankly. And the result of the peculiarly stern manner, and reproachful words of her husband, was, to cause her to give way to a gush of tears. Against such an argument, he had nothing to urge; although it tended, in no degree to soften his feelings. Finding that she continued to weep and sob, notwithstanding all his efforts to bring her back to reason, he grew impatient, and suddenly turning away, took up his hat and left the house. As soon as he had done so, his wife rose from where she was sitting, and, retiring to her chamber, threw herself upon her bed, and there continued to sob and weep, until she fell into a quiet slumber.

The cause of all this trouble was simply this: At breakfast time, Mrs. Hartly had asked her husband to step into a dry goods store, and have a piece of muslin sent home. This he promised to do, and ordered the goods accordingly, which the storekeeper promised to send home at once. But ten o'clock arrived, and no muslin came, and as Mrs. Hartly had arranged to devote the morning to the preparation of work for the seamstress, she grew impatient at the delay. The only cause of the non-arrival of the muslin, of which her mind would conceive, was, the neglect of her husband, and, as the minutes hastened away, she brooded over this in a chiding and ill-natured spirit.

"It's just like him!" she muttered, as the clock struck eleven. "Out of sight, out of mind. If he cared for me, as he ought to, he wouldn't forget my requests in this manner."

And then she thought of a dozen times where he had forgotten her requests; and of a dozen more where he had seemed to treat her with neglect and indifference. Thus she fanned the embers of discontent and unkind feelings towards her husband, until they burned into a flame. The muslin had not arrived when Mr. Hartly came home to his dinner, and there was a dark cloud on the brow of his wife in consequence. He observed it, but did not, of course, dream of the cause; and it pained and disturbed his mind. Two or three efforts to induce his wife to converse during the dinner hour, proved ineffectual, and then the attempt was abandoned, and the meal passed in oppressive silence. It was half an hour after they had risen from the table, that her husband alluded to her unhappy condition of mind.

It was about four o'clock, when Mrs. Hartly was awakened from the sleep into which she had fallen, by the entrance of a servant with a large bundle. It contained the muslin that her husband had bought in the morning, and with the bill was a note of apology from the storekeeper for not having sent it home early in the day, as he had been requested. The soothing influence of an hour's slumber had calmed down her excited and angry feelings, and prepared her to see her own folly in a strong light. Her husband, it was now clear, had not been unmindful of her requests. All her unhappiness, and its consequent reflection upon him, had been from an imaginary cause. When this became apparent to her, she was pained and mortified; but, we are grieved

to say, not sufficiently so to cause her to acknowledge freely and frankly her errors to her husband, and thus relieve his mind from a burden that pressed heavily upon it. He still remained in ignorance of the cause of her troubled feelings, and equally so in regard to the discovery that she had made of that cause being an imaginary one. Once or twice, during the afternoon, when thinking of her husband, and the manner in which he had left her, she partly resolved to tell him the cause of her clouded brow at dinner time, and thus restore a mutual sunshine. But pride whispered an objection, and the idea was abandoned. Thus, she concealed her error, and gave to the fault of her character greater power over her.

It was more than a week before their intercourse was free from constraint. And by the time this took place, there arose some other cause for unhappiness, dependent, altogether, on Mrs. Hartly's jealous observance of actions, looks, words and tones, in order to see whether they considered her as much as she thought herself entitled to consideration. The consequence was, that, five years afterwards, the unhappy couple separated. In this separation, both were to blame—for Mr. Hartly grew more and more irritable every year, and frequently treated his wife with real unkindness. But it was an event that never could have taken place, had Mrs. Hartly regarded her husband with half the consideration that she required of him!

A pleasant contrast to this painful picture is presented in the happy condition of Lucy and her husband, the Mr. Granger whose apparent indifference had so troubled Emma on the morning when the two young ladies were first introduced to the reader. This contrast we will present as it appeared to the two friends who ten years before had conversed, as the reader has seen, upon the relative claims to beauty of the two ladies. It so happened, that they called together upon Mr. and Mrs. Hartly, on one of their reserved evenings, and afterwards dropped in and spent half an hour or so with Mr. and Mrs. Granger.

"Really, it is refreshing to spend an evening with our old friends, Lucy and her husband," remarked one of them, as they stepped from the door of their peaceful dwelling.

"Truly it is!" was the reply. "As for Lucy, time seems to have made but little impression on her gentle face. Indeed, she seems changed, if changed at all, only for the better."

"She is a lovely woman," the friend responded. "Lovely in disposition; and that disposition gives to her countenance a beauty that none can look upon without a feeling of admiration."

"She is, indeed, what I call a beautiful woman—for, with regular features, there is an expression of moral beauty flowing into every lineament of her face, that gives to it a peculiar interest."

"How strong the contrast between her and Mrs. Hartly, who at one time was esteemed by most persons, far more beautiful! Really, her manners have grown quite unpleasant to my eyes. Did you observe how coldly she indulged in half-jesting, but, in fact, real and earnest complaints against him?"

"Yes, I saw it all. She did not seem to have any true affection for him, and complained because he did not seem to have more for her."

"So it appeared to me. She is, evidently, still altogether selfish. Instead of thinking how she can minister to her husband's happiness, she is ever looking for attentions from him, and grows dissatisfied because he does not remain as devoted, in word and act, as when he wooed her as a lover."

"I remember now your remarks concerning her and Lucy, made some ten years ago. How true the passage of a few years has proved them!"

"Yes; and too true, in Emma's case. But, as regards Lucy, how pleasant the con-

firmation! Did you note her gentle and affectionate manner towards her husband—yet without ostentation? How she seemed to think of him and regard him, while at the same time it was so apparent that she did not think of or regard herself."

"O yes, it was all apparent. How blessed Granger is in such a wife!—and what a curse must a woman like Mrs. Hartly be to a sensitive mind like that of her husband! The very beauty of her face, that once attracted, has long since faded, and now, to my eyes, she is really repulsive."

"I never, before, saw so perfect an illustration of the fact, that true beauty is the beauty of a gentle spirit, flowing forth and giving life and expression, not only to the face, but to every act and movement of the person. Without this internal loveliness of character, the fairest face soon loses its attractions, and with it, the plainest features have in them something that irresistibly wins our feelings."

"And it is perfectly natural that this should be so," was the reply, as the two friends paused, and were about to separate—"for the expression of the face is the index of the mind. For a time, the ruling affections, if evil, may be kept from becoming too apparent, but, ultimately, they will leave their traces in indelible lines, and none can mistake their import."

Original.

PASSING AWAY.

BY MRS. M. H. MAXWELL.

THEY pass away—they pass away—
The young, with the blush of early day,
The man whose sun in its noontide light,
Scarce verges towards the shades of night,
And the old, whose locks are thin and gray,
All pass away—they pass away.

They pass away in their hour of bloom,
They crowd to the portals of the tomb,
They pass away in their evening blight,
As the meteor passes from mortal sight—
The old and the young, the sad and the gay,
All pass away—they pass away.

The spirit flies on the morning breeze,
As laden with balm, it plays in the trees;
It flies on the wing of the fervid noon,
Away, away to the silent tomb—
It goes with the light of departing day—
On the evening zephyrs, it passes away.

It passes away—it passes away—
But where is the dwelling that fixes its stay?
Oh, would they but pause in their spirit-wing track,
And send but the breath of an answer back:
But in vain we weep, and in vain we pray—
They heed us not, as they pass away.

There comes no voice from the silent tomb;
 No whispered note from its midnight gloom—
 It is darkness drear, and silence all,
 When Death draws near with his blackened pall—
 Where is their home they never will say
 To those who, like them, must pass away.

We must walk the sod as they walked before;
 We must know they have died, and ask no more,
 For the echo will come as it came of old—
 They are gone—they are gone, and the tale is told:
 Where, where we may say—but the cloud is still there,
 And the echo will answer us, "Where, oh where."

Lincoln, Me.

Original.

THE CHRISTIANITY OF THE AGE.

BY ABNER H. BROWN, A. M.

(Concluded from page 16.)

THIS view of Christianity seems to have attracted little attention; until within the last one hundred years. If it was spoken of at all before that period, it was with that incredulous and feeble tone which reason and the Bible alike would condemn. That enlarged philanthropy which caused a good and great man to declare that the world was his field of labor, found a place in but few hearts. But through the good providence of God, a brighter day dawned upon the church. We find its happy results in the various institutions which have for their object the extension of the Christian faith and the amelioration of the condition of the outcast and oppressed. The missionary of the cross may be found amid polar snows and the burning sands of the torrid zone. One teacher of the truth collects his little group of pupils at the foot of the Himmaleh mountains, and tells them that the pure religion of Jesus shall yet become the study of the unnumbered millions of their vast continent, and endeavors to animate them for the work of regeneration by this apparently romantic expectation. Another herald of the true faith plants himself in the very heart of old Greece—"bright clime of battle and of song"—and instructs the ignorant descendants of Pericles and Plato in the elements of a new system of life and action. I look to Africa—poor, benighted, bleeding Africa—and I behold a little band of rescued captives winding their way along the banks of a golden stream. They bear in their hearts the love of Jesus, and in their hands the implements of civilized life. They go to tell their dark and unfortunate brethren of the great land and the glorious institutions which they have seen, and to lead them in the way that is everlasting. The islands of the sea, too, have been visited by the preacher of the gospel. The cannibal has forsaken his feast of human flesh and blood, and become the docile and humble disciple of the Savior. Barbarous customs have been abolished, and the reign of peace and plenty has begun. The song of lust and carnage has been exchanged for the hymn of Zion.

Thus it is that the active spirit of Christianity manifests itself. When a man feels that his own heart has been blessed with influences from on high, and duly considers his relation to his fellow-men, his first thought is for the improvement and salvation

of the ignorant and sinful. This feature of the gospel has never before received such an exemplification as that which our own day has furnished.* Other ages have been distinguished for a blind and superstitious attachment to particular dogmas, and for the earnest propagation of those dogmas by means of the torch and the sword; but it was reserved for the nineteenth century to exhibit the most persevering labors for the world's regeneration, carried on in the spirit of love, and with the most entire confidence in the power and willingness of God to give a complete and glorious triumph.

The active spirit of Christianity, so peculiar to our own age, is also manifested in the great attention which has been bestowed of late years upon biblical researches. The truth of the facts which the sacred volume records, and the reasonableness of the precepts which it inculcates, have been brought to the test of a rigid and impartial investigation. Points which have for centuries baffled the learning of the wise, have been elucidated; statements which have seemed to be directly opposed to all that was known of the method in which God operates upon the world, have been confirmed beyond controversy by more extensive and profound inquiry; commands which seemed to have no application at the time they were given, have been found to be of essential service in guiding the conduct of men in peculiar and unforeseen circumstances.

No considerate man has given any attention to ecclesiastical and biblical history, who has not been astonished at the want of discrimination and fairness which he has found in the works of old writers on these subjects. All had some favorite theory to establish, or some all-important dogma to defend. The great inquiry with them seemed to be, how can we make this passage or that text support the opinion which we have advanced? What part of this sentence must we quote that it shall tell most effectively in favor of our side of the disputed question? This partisan warfare, though it sharpened men's wits and provoked examination, did little service for sound and thorough knowledge. The biblical scholars of the present century have, we believe, conducted their inquiries, for the most part, in a different spirit. There has been more enlarged and liberal feeling, more candid and honest investigation. The grounds of historical belief have been stated with greater clearness, and examined with closer and more anxious scrutiny.

The results of these inquiries have been made known to all ranks of the people by means of Sunday schools and Bible classes. The church now regards it as one of her highest duties, to see that her members are instructed in the history and antiquities and interpretation of that volume whose light is destined to go forth into all the world. Whatever is useful and interesting, that the biblical critic discovers, is immediately communicated, by pastor and teacher, to the old and the young who throng the church and the school-room. The popular mind thus acts upon those who devote their time and attention to biblical researches. As the mechanic contemplates the sublime morality and the rich histories of the word of God, he becomes interested to know all the particulars of the places and events which have been the themes of his meditations from infancy to manhood. The scholar is anxious to satisfy this laudable curiosity, and directs his earnest endeavors to the elucidation of what is obscure and difficult. Thus the spirit of investigation is kept alive; and, as the more men are taught, the more they are inclined to learn, every year produces new calls for fuller details and more extended discussions.

We rejoice in the activity which is everywhere manifest, for the upbuilding and perfecting of the kingdom of grace in the world. Whether it be exhibited in zealous

* We wish it to be understood, that in these statements we refer to ages subsequent to that of the apostles and their immediate successors. Such were the circumstances which operated in the early days of the church, to promote its growth, that we do not desire to compare the influences now at work with the miraculous assistance which the apostles received.

labors for the salvation of the heathen, or for the freedom of the bondman, or the right understanding of the oracles of truth, it bespeaks a lively sense of the obligations which one man owes to another, and which all men owe to God.

Original.

DEATHBED SCENES.—No. I.

BY REV. J. D. BRIDGE.

ROSETTA B. was alive and happy, one year ago. In her disposition, she was quiet, modest and cheerful—sympathetic and kind—anxious to do all in her power to add to the comfort of her friends. She loved, and was loved in return; but her purest affections were placed on her Savior. She enjoyed this life; but only as a school to fit her for that which is to come. She was a *useful* young lady, and for this end desired to live; and none who saw her one year ago, with her clear, intellectual eye, and her round, healthy cheek, but thought her prospect fair, very fair, for a long life. But Rosetta's full-orbed sun went down at noon: not in the clouds of despondency, remorse and horror, but in the murky atmosphere of the sepulchre.

She saw the opening Spring, and heard the warblers of the wood sing their triumphs over the death of Winter. She walked abroad amid the smiling beauties and enchanting loveliness of Summer, while the rose and lily poured their fragrance on the passing zephyr. She lived to see the richer hues, and more affecting, too, of Autumn, and heard the husbandman shout the golden harvest home; but ere the hoarse alarm of the present Winter (Jan. 1842) pealed among our northern hills, Rosetta's fair form reposed in death. But the monster did not find her unprepared: she was even waiting the coming of the Lord, and hasting, in spirit, unto it. Her lamp was trimmed and burning, and ready to pour its light on the gloomy shades of the vale of death; and when the decree went forth for her departure, without a sigh or pang of regret, she left this inhospitable world, with all its ephemeral charms, its enticing, fading beauties, and with the song of triumph breathed from her dying lips, spread out the plumed pinions of her soul, and soared to the bosom of her God!

Who would not die, as died Rosetta B.? What young lady does not desire with her, when time is no more, to be numbered among those lovely virgin spirits who hymn the praises of the Lamb in the ambrosial bowers of Paradise?

"There no more at eve declining,
Suns without a cloud are shining
O'er the land of life and love;
Heaven's own harvests woo the reaper,
Heaven's own dreams entrance the sleeper,
Not a tear is left the weeper
To profane one flower above."

HAUGHTINESS.—Some persons, who know that they are great, are so very haughty withal, and insufferable, that their acquaintance discover their greatness, only by the tax of humility, which they are obliged to pay, as the price of their friendship. Such characters are as tiresome and disgusting in the journey of life, as rugged roads are to the weary traveler, which he discovers to be *turnpikes only by the toll*.

Original.

THE SILENT BOWER.

BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

THE summer wind is softly sighing
Round the maiden's bower;
All the air is filled with fragrance—
Cool the twilight hour.

Golden stars in heaven are gleaming
Near the crescent moon;
Brooks that dance and sparkle gaily
Sing a pleasant tune.

But the maiden's bower is silent—
Comes no sound of harp or lute,
With its soft and sighing cadence
Song of love is still and mute.

Roses hang their dew-gemmed blossoms
All unheeded round the bower;
Cambridge-port, Mass.

She who loved their breath of fragrance
Is herself a faded flower.

Still and cold the maiden sleepeth
Where the broken heart finds rest,
And the green sod presseth lightly
On her pure and guileless breast.

He who vowed to love and cherish,
False and faithless, left her side—
Left the young and gentle-hearted
For a proud and wealthy bride.

Bright the golden sun uprising
Shone on mount and vale and wave;
Shone upon a joyous bridal;
Shone upon an early grave.

Original.

FIRST PRINCIPLES.—A SKETCH.

BY MRS. JANE E. LOCKE.

[THE following tale was written by particular request, as will be seen by its preface, for the Ladies' Companion; but the writer has been induced to pass it over to the pages of the Pearl.]

"Of objects all inanimate I made
Idols, and out of wild and lonely flowers,
And rocks whereby they grew, a paradise,
Where I did sit me down within the shade,
Of waving trees and dreamed uncounted hours,
Tho' I was chid for wandering, and the wise
Shook their white aged heads o'er me and said,
Of such materials wretched men were made."

I have adopted in connexion with the title of this article, words from the loveliest lay of a long admired, though on many accounts, objectionable bard, not so much as a motto to my story as to suit my own feelings; for from my very childhood, I have stood entranced, though at the foot of Pimple and Parnassus, and have wandered about the fount of Hippocrene, till my raptures have increased, so that I have myself poured forth feeble numbers, and my earliest, nay, my latest sympathies have gone and do still go forth and intertwine themselves with minds alone of poetic order. Alas! my infirmity—who reads the poem but the poet? Now, however, in compliment

to the gifted lady editor of this work, I attempt a tale, and in compliment to her as well as her numerous readers also, I would with

——Poetic trappings grace my prose,
Till it outmantle all the pride of verse.

But, I want a hero,—ay, and a more essential appendage to the beauty of my undertaking—a heroine.

Reader, it is the evening of January 1, 18—. Enter with me, yonder splendid mansion, in the center of a brilliant metropolis; survey its spacious apartments, observe their fashionable decoration. Here the massive marble of Egyptian quarry, reflects in highest polish a lovely landscape, beautiful, even as that spread out over the sacred soil from beneath which it was taken, as if attempting to vie with the brilliancy of the gilded mirror above. Sofas covered with Genoa velvet are nicely arranged around the walls, while on every side are lengthened pictures, embodying the high poetic soul of many an ancient artist, and De Vinci's copy hangs the climax of all ideal. In yonder recess, you see suspended a harp, whose strings have scarcely ceased their vibration since the sweetest note of Mozart's key attuned their melody. Vases of plucked roses and sweet-scented exotics from neighboring greenhouse brought with vegetating, odoriferous plants occupy each otherwise unappropriated niche. Magnificently festooned, around the casement hangs the royal damask, while in the center of all this display of elegance, supported by the ponderous Jamaica wood, stands a sparkling girandole, its transparent pendant rods radiant with its own reflected light. The mantel too is glittering with correspondent brilliancy.

But why is all this illumination and splendor? ask you; for as yet no gentle foot lightly imprints the tufted Persian carpet, or carelessly rests upon the mingled shades of the embroidered ottoman. 'Tis silence there as yet, and nought gives indication at least of the peculiarity of the occasion. The hour of destiny has not arrived, and while glowing coals within the grate are sending forth heat diffusive, we will retreat from this scene of preparation, and having ascended the winding staircase, look within the oratory. See you that maiden on bended knee and with tearful eye, in ecstasy of wo, as she presses to her heart an unsealed letter. Hear you her sobs as they involuntarily break forth from the spirit's sanctuary and mingle with hallowed orisons upon her trembling lip. Alas! that is my heroine—a plighted bride—and wait a little and I will show you my hero, the bridegroom to whom she is affianced. But marvel not, though the scene be reversed ere that, for truth is truth, however strange or disagreeable, and even fiction must be consistent with it, or it has no good effect.

She has finished her toilet, and loving maidens have twined the rose-wreath in her hair, and clasped the silken girdle around her zone, and now attired for the altar, unattended but by cherubim and seraphim, she is secretly communing with Him who instituted the sacred rite she is just now waiting to perform. How admirably appropriate! for when does woman so much need to strengthen herself by prayer, as when she is about to render her very self a free-will offering on the burning altar of affection, when she takes her heart as it were, in her hand, and goes forth to offer it, a gift never to be recalled, whatever change may come over the circumstances or sentiments of him to whom it is given. A gift, not only not to be recalled, but with the offering she transfers also, and forever the power ever of *wishing* it recalled, be the reality in all its minutiae ever so bitterly reversed from the dream! Solemn sacrifice and all unworthily performed and wanting its essential grace and loveliness without this holy preparation, the preparation of secret communion with Him who alone enters the inmost recesses of the heart, where sorrow and joy alike commissioned, perform their ministrations. But most especially does she need his sympathy and

support who has at this time knelt before him, apart from the joyous scene. For while she is now the center of all attraction, and by the most sacred sympathies of our common nature distributing happiness through many hearts, her own is secretly withering within her bosom. Where, O, where has departed the gladness of the morning and the full bright promise of the dawning year! None, ah, none suspect she has been a mark for the archer, and that her bridal attire is but a very mockery.

Three years previous to this time, Mary Emmons left the school of Mrs. W—, in Troy, N. Y., if not complete in education, (since modern phraseology and true philosophy forbid the use of the terms,) at least well educated, one of the most perfect models of a lady. Ingenuous, unpretending, accomplished, and possessed also of that true politeness of heart, whose definition is a deference and nice regard to the feelings of others, whether of low or high degree, which in itself possesses a charm beyond all else, and without which, however accomplished in the world's sense, none are genteel. There was nothing strikingly beautiful either in her face or figure, but she was just one of that kind of persons, who impress our minds at once as something out of the common order, though we are unable to tell why they should, and who momentarily fill our sight though surrounded by a crowd, and who are never to be forgotten or mistaken afterwards. She was the daughter of a worthy private citizen, who had amassed a fortune in early speculation in real estate, and who preferred sitting untitled at his ease in the midst of his wealth, by his beneficence making glad the hearts of many, (and in this he fully believed and practised according to his belief, that the scripture injunction, "let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth," had other meaning than that a man must bestow his gifts in secret, for there was much in the force of example he said,) rather than burden himself with responsibilities and trusts termed honors, which he thought however much they might be coveted, usually prove but weariness, toil, and drudgery.

Thus surrounded by abundance, with a tender, loving father of known eccentric character, the direct reverse of a mother who was an ornament to her sex, and who ever felt the responsibilities of her office, wonder not that our heroine had brought up to womanhood, a heart swollen with deep-rooted, yet contending sentiments; that she asked much of the world, yet secretly expected little. But under the pupilage of a justly celebrated teacher, and in a school, the first at that time in rank, in our Union, characteristic contrarieties had been subdued and properly directed; and conflicting qualities guided so as to exemplify virtue and adorn her heart, and her whole character improved, while her sensibilities were quickened, and her spirit's friendships all renewed.

By constant companionship for three years with new and ever-changing associates, not one impression made by early friends had been effaced or dimmed, and the few well chosen intimates of her youth were as warmly cherished now as when the population of her own native city were to her the people of the whole wide world.

Scarcely had the first greeting passed in her own dwelling, ere she sought the residence of one of her truest friends, Hope Greyson. She found her friend who was overjoyed to meet her again, busily engaged in stitching a broad piece of mecklin to the neck of a gorgeously variegated satin dress. "O, I am so glad you have returned, Mary," after a few kind congratulations, she exclaimed, "and just at this time too, for to-morrow evening there is to be a brilliant assembly at Mrs. Daily's—I knew you were expected this week, and I was afraid you would not arrive in season to make one of the company. But you are here, and I am so rejoiced, for we shall have a fine time."

"At Mrs. D.'s? Indeed, Hope, I shall not," returned Mary, "for I have not much fancy for large parties; there is so little friendship and sociability in them. They are frequently a mere mockery of the kindnesses and civilities of life, by com-

promising show and ceremony, where twenties are drawn together but as 'stupid stories,' who have no sympathies with each other, and who seldom meet, and more seldom acknowledge an acquaintance elsewhere."

"Oh well, never mind that, Mary; it keeps society in good nature with itself; its various members in countenance with one another, and assists one part to approve of the course of the other, besides gratifying individual curiosity, taste, and display, and bribing good opinion now and then. Now do n't moralize."

"No, my friend, I shall not, for I am not to-day exactly in a moralizing mood, though I shall disagree with you and your arguments in favor of them, as they do actually exist at the present day, which happily I know you do not at least believe are the very reasons why I dislike them. Were they composed of members only who have individual friendships and sympathies for each other, and whose society is deemed by each an invaluable acquisition, an essential minister to the happiness of each, and were the atmosphere the breath of sincerity, rather than the whole scene heartless and artificial, they would be much more in favor with me."

"Now do n't try to raise a breeze against it, for you must, nay, you shall go—I have special reasons for wishing it."

"Your reasons another time, Hope. I have no dress to wear, and no time to prepare one, and if that be not a sufficient reason for staying at home, what is?"

"Come, come, no such excuse as that—you do not need a new dress—wear that beautiful white muslin of yours, that you had made for George Anderson's wedding last vacation, with the same elegant white trimmings you then wore, or that splendid black velvet in which you appeared at cousin Sarah's party, and the same simple white scarf—they will either of them admirably become you, for you know all persons of good taste admit that dress; in order to be becoming, must not only be adapted to the complexion and figure, but also adapted to the known character of the wearer.—Sentient, spiritual beings like yourself, Mary, who are so strikingly intellectual, and who have so much decision of character that they never lose their identity anywhere, need but little variety, and the simplest shades of color, and little of show in ornament, to appear well on every occasion, provided the material be not mean. So black and white for you, my friend, and no tinsel or display. But I, who live on the surface of things, love show, love dress, love splendor for its own sake, am sentimental and learned to-day, and to-morrow may not have a single idea in my head—in short, am floated along whichever way the fashionable tide sets in—have no originality of character, but identify myself with whatever meets my eye, may diversify my apparel and wear this gaudy, showy thing composed of all hues, red and green, black and blue, and white and purple; and 'twill be admirably adapted not only to my sandy complexion, red hair and figure *en bon point*, but also to my character."

"Nonsense, dear friend," replied Mary, "you know me too well to attempt to flatter me, and I am also too well acquainted with you, and have too good an opinion of your character to suffer you to defame it without remonstrance. I doubt not but that rich shaded satin will look well when worn by yourself, and be in truth, becoming both to your face and figure, only do n't wear a red mantle with it."

"Mary, you need not fear I shall, that would look too much like my hair, and I like contrasts as you do."

"Hush about your hair again. I know a young lady who is admitted on all sides the greatest beauty in the county of ———, and she has red hair; nevertheless, I should advise you to wear blue—blue is always becoming to persons of your complexion, and indeed you always look well in it. For myself, I suppose were I to make up my mind to go to-morrow evening, (which I am sure I shall not do,) I might not find any thing new that would please my fancy better than the black or

the white you mention. I dislike finery and colors about my own person always, and wear a plain dress not because I have the vanity to suppose it adapted to my character as intellectual and ethereal, as you were pleased to term it, but because it has adapted itself to such a style of dress forming my taste for it. Now let us close this chapter on dress, Hope, for I shall not go to Mrs. D.'s, so it is idle to talk thus."

"Yes, yes—you will go too," persisted her friend, "and I have kept something in reserve to tempt you. There is to be a very select assembly, and what is more, an elegant young gentleman from the South, a lawyer who has recently taken up his abode in the city, is to make one of the company. He is of accomplished mind and manners, and we, girls, are all in love with him; and I wish very much you should become acquainted with him, for I am sure you will like him too."

"What! another lawyer, and from the South too? and you wish me to see him, for perhaps I may like him. Now, what if I should? the chance is, he may not like me, and then I shall be less happy for my new acquaintance. And would you wish me less happy than I now am?"

"Oh, no; but I am sure he will like you too, you are so much alike in taste and sentiment, and even in the lineaments of his face, it has often been remarked, he resembles you as much as man can—so you may be made happier. The chance is even on your side, in my opinion."

Never tell a young lady she is similar in character to this or that one of the opposite sex, unless you mean her heart shall go out unbidden on an errand of love—for so surely as you do, let the motive be what it may, she will amuse herself with the fancy and endeavor to search out the like, till she eventually loses her own identity in his.

Hope Greyson knew well the cords of woman's heart, and what string to touch to produce the effect desired; and without looking at consequences, she heartily wished in the benevolence of her soul, that her friend might admire and even love the stranger, and be beloved in turn. Had she expatiated on his merits alone, it had had no lasting effect on her friend's feelings, and she had quietly and contentedly passed the evening by her own fireside, heedless of the gay crowd at Mrs. D.'s; but when she was told she would there meet her counterpart in the person of the southern lawyer, Horace Baker, an uncontrollable curiosity and anxiety possessed her to meet him, even there; and after a few words more, her friend had obtained her passive consent to be present on the occasion.

(To be continued.)

Original.

THE INDIANS.

Suggested by seeing a fragment of the Penobscot tribe making baskets on the banks of the Merrimack.

BY REV. L. PORTER.

YE feeble remnant of a noble race,
Encamp'd for gain within this lonely place,
Say, where are those who once with bow and spear,
Rov'd o'er these hills, and chas'd the bounding deer?
Who drew their warriors round the council light,
Or led them forth to strive in daring fight?

Where your plum'd chieftains and their gallant band,
 Who proudly march'd o'er this, their native land ?
 Where the bright maidens, for whose winning smile
 The fearless youth engaged in ceaseless toil ?
 Where is the dance, and where the exulting song
 Whose lofty strains the echoing woods prolong ?
 Where are the aged men, whose solemn voice,
 Replete with wisdom, made their sons rejoice ?
 Alas ! no more these valiant warriors wait
 Around their chiefs in wildest regal state.
 No more the wood resounds with merry note,
 Wrung from the horn, or pour'd from warrior's throat.
 No splendor now around thy tribes is hung—
 Their glory's requiem by the blast is sung.
 We see no more the chieftain on his track,
 With glittering bow and quiver at his back,
 Like young Apollo springing o'er the ground,
 With pride for former deeds of valor crown'd.
 A wave of death from Europe's distant shore,
 Roll'd o'er this land, and on its billows bore
 Those dark-ey'd people towards the setting sun,
 Whose wars are over, and whose race is run.
 As when some world of distant beauty rare,
 With glowing flame burns brightly on the air,
 Then slowly fades, and yields its radiant light,
 Till shrouded o'er by darkest pall of night—
 So once thy tribes, in richest glory drest,
 Roam'd o'er this land, and seem'd supremely blest :
 But now in grief and pain and fear they go,
 Crush'd in the dust beneath their hated foe.
 Soon all will cease, and naught their fame prolong,
 Save wild tradition and the poet's song.

Original.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY REV. WM. H. BREWSTER.

EARTH has some sacred spots, where we feel like loosing our shoes from our feet, and treading with holy reverence ; where the common words of social converse seem rude, and the smile of pleasure unfitting ; places where friendship's hands have lingered in each other ; where vows have been plighted, prayer offered and the tear of parting shed. O how the thoughts hover around such places, and travel back, through unmeasured space, to visit them.

But of all the spots on this green earth, none is so sacred as that where rest, waiting the resurrection, those we once cherished and loved—our brothers, our sisters, our fathers, or our children. Hence, in all ages, the better part of mankind have had chosen and loved spots for the burial of their dead ; and on these spots they have loved to wander at eventide, to meditate and to weep. But of all places, even among the charnel houses of the dead, none is so sacred as a *mother's* grave.

There sleeps the nurse of our infancy, the guide of our youth, the counselor of our

riper years—our friend, when others deserted us and affliction's cold wave rolled over us; she whose heart was a stranger to every other feeling but love, and who could always find excuses for us when we could find none for ourselves. There she sleeps, and we love the very earth for her sake.

With sentiments like these, the writer, a few years since, while visiting in a neighboring state, the place of his earliest hopes and aspirations, turned aside from the gaiety of life, to the narrow habitations of the dead. I wandered among those who had commenced life with me in hope. Here distinctions were forgotten—at least, by the quiet sleepers around me. I saw the rich and great, who scorned the poor, and shunned them as if infected with a plague, quietly sleeping by their side. How true the language of Pope:

"How loved, how valued once, avails thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee—
'Tis all thou art, and all the *proud* shall be."

But one consideration, more than all others, made that a season of holy meditation—there, among the dead, slept a mother! I was alone, with none to interrupt my reflections. I was but a child when she died, but the long, dark day when, with a heavy, mournful heart, I followed her cold corpse to the grave, rolled back upon me. I could see the hearse, the undertaker, the minister, and hear distinctly the knell of death—a mother's death. O my mother! I cried—would I could see thee once more, and in tears beg pardon for my every ungrateful act. O my dear, dear mother! how often have I laid my aching head on thy bosom! O how often has thy soft hand wiped the tear from my cheek, and on that very spot imprinted a kiss of soothing tenderness! I see thee now, bending over my bed to kiss me into a quiet slumber.

"Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou might'st know me warm and softly laid;
Thy morning bounties, ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery plumb"—

all these, and a thousand other acts of kindness now rise before me. O my mother's grave! Let others stand awe-struck under the roaring thunder of Niagara, or survey with profound astonishment the towering Alps, or reverently tread on Horeb or Sinai, but when I mention the dearest spot on earth to me, I will name my mother's grave. There I stand chastened, subdued, penitent and humbled.

"My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch, even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss,
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss. * * *
I heard the bell toll'd on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nurse's window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was—where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting word will pass my lips no more! * * *
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till all my stock of infant sorrows spent;
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot."



Original.

A SCRIPTURE ILLUSTRATION.

BY THE EDITOR.

"NEVER did man speak like this man," was the universal conclusion of the wondering Jews, concerning the Messiah. Happy, indeed, would it have been for that ill-fated race, had they believed as well as wondered! How strangely obstinate do they appear, as we gaze upon them, resisting with increasing firmness the flood of evidence which streamed upon them from every day's development in the life of Christ! What more could they require? To-day, with the mild dignity of a rabbi, He sat upon the green turf of Olivet, and, with voice sweetly musical, discoursed of human duty with a force and purity that filled the astounded listeners with unutterable and indefinable feelings of reverence and terror. Anon, he stood over the bier of the dead, and, with Godlike energy, brought back the escaped spirit to its frail abode; or, with words of power, he awed the fiends of the nether world into abject submission as he compelled their departure from the bodies of the possessed, and caused them to fly, panic-stricken, from his dread presence. To-day, he asserted his authority over the submissive wave and the obedient wind; and anon, he spoke in tones of sympathy and love, to show that in the awful majesty of the Godhead, the sympathies of the man were not engulphed. Strangely hardened race, to resist the force of such convincing evidences!

But I am wandering. I wish here simply to point out the rich beauty of a single passage in the instructions of the Savior. "My sheep hear my voice, and they do follow me." Inexpressibly touching is this passage. Full of meaning, it reveals the strong sympathy of the Master, and the helplessness and obedience of the disciple.

A passage from the journal of the Rev. John Hartley, a missionary to modern Greece, will illustrate the passage, and close my article. He says:

"Having had my attention directed last night to the words, 'The sheep hear his

THE REFUSAL.

voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name,' &c., John x. 3, I asked my man if it was usual in Greece to give names to sheep: he informed me that it was, and that the sheep obeyed the shepherd when he called them by their names. This morning, I had an opportunity of verifying the truth of this remark. Passing by a flock of sheep, I asked the shepherd the same question which I put to my servant, and he gave me the same answer. I then bade him to call one of his sheep; he did so, and it instantly left its pasturage and its companions, and ran up to the hand of the shepherd with signs of pleasure, and with a prompt obedience, which I had never before observed in any other animal. It is also true of the sheep in eastern countries, 'That a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not the voice of strangers.' The shepherd told me that many of his sheep are still wild; that they had not yet learned their names, but that by teaching they would all learn them. The others, which knew their names, he called tame."

Original.

THE REFUSAL.

BY A LADY.

"O, could you have seen her, that pride of our girls,
Arise, and cast back the dark wealth of her curls,
With a scorn on her lip that the gazer might feel,
And an eye like the flashing of lightning on steel!—*Whittier*

A FORM very like her methinks I have seen—
Majestic in person, in soul like a queen;
The lion, lamb, eagle and dove all unite
In giving her character, shadow and light.

Methinks I *do* see her arrayed in bright pearls,
More lasting and pure than the "wealth of her curls,"
With a deep, truthful meaning portrayed in her eye,
Which gleams with a flash like a cloud in the sky.

Ah, yes; and I hear her indignant reply—
The wealthy, the haughty she dares to defy;
With pity, not hatred—no fear, but a frown,
She could turn from the hand that could proffer a crown.

That man who can deal in his brother's life-blood,
And sell for vile lucre the image of God,
He knows not compassion; and why should she heed
A heart harder far, than the hoof of his steed?

The wealth of affection—the slave-dealer thought
Humanity's bosom itself might be bought—
Young life with its beauty and treasure be sold
For luxury, pleasure and plenty of gold.

Thy mistake, lordly king, methinks thou hast found,
For liberty shelters our New England ground;
The song of thy flattery but idly is sung—
Disgust shall repay the soft words of thy tongue.

Inheriting more than the *names* of their sires,
Shall patriots' daughters, beside their own fires,
Relinquish their birthright because they are told
Of coaches and servants and plenty of gold?

Go home to thy people—thy suit is despised—
Thy dark, selfish nature cannot be disguised;
Go home—ask thy slave what it is to be free,
For thou art oppressed with worse fetters than he.

One look at the banner which freedom unfurls
O'er the hearts and the homes of our own "Yankee girls"—
Then back to the South: but thou wilt not forget
That *CHARACTER deeper than color is set.*

Lowell.

ABYSSINIAN CUSTOMS.

THEIR manner of dancing consists rather in the motion of the shoulders and head than in that of the legs or feet. When several dance at a time, they move round in a ring. The men jump a great height at times, while the women sink down by degrees, making motions with the head, shoulders and breast, until they nearly squat on the ground. They afterwards spring up in a lively manner, and go round as before.

The Abyssinians, while they profess to be rigid followers of the Christian faith, are yet ignorant of the greater part of its precepts; which arises chiefly from the want of a good example being shown to them by those of the superior class. The heads of their clergy are in general the greatest drinkers in the whole country, and at feasts, the quantity of raw meat which they consume, and the ravenous manner in which they devour it, exceeds all belief; indeed, they behave more like drunken beasts, when in company, than civilized beings.

Notwithstanding the libertine conduct of the Abyssinians, they strictly keep all their fasts, which are very numerous, and on those days never eat or drink till about three o'clock in the afternoon, which time they compute by measuring so many lengths of the foot given by the shade of the body on level ground. This, indeed, is the only way in which they keep time in Abyssinia. Their great Lent, which commences in February, lasts fifty-six days. Their years are called after the four evangelists—that of John is the leap year. They reckon the number of years from the creation of the world to the birth of Christ, five thousand five hundred; and from the birth of Christ to the present time, one thousand eight hundred and five; the latter being about nine years short of our time. The administering of the holy sacrament is quite a public ceremony. After receiving it, they place their hands to their mouths, and go their way; nor will they on any consideration spit that day, even if a fly by chance be drawn into the mouth by their breath, which at other times would occasion them to vomit, as they detest a fly; and many will not even eat or drink what a fly has been found in.

On passing a church mounted, they alight from their horse or mule, and kiss the gateway or tree in front, according to the distance they are at when passing; and if at a distance, they take up a stone, and throw it upon a heap, which is always found on the road opposite to the church. In Abyssinia, a traveler, who sees in the wildest deserts large piles of stones, might be led to attribute the custom to the same motive.

which occasions similar piles to be found in Arabia, where some one has been killed and buried, and all who knew him, as they pass, throw a stone on his grave; but this is not the case here, those stones being thrown there by Christians, who know that the nearest church lies opposite to the spot: and on this account an Abyssinian traveler, when he sees such a pile of stones, knows that he is opposite to a church, and, in consequence, kisses the pile, and adds another stone to the heap. The priests are numerous beyond belief.

There are priests and deacons, who go about to the different towns, or residences of chiefs, where they find employment in teaching children to read. Their school is held generally in a church-yard, or in some open place near it, sometimes before the residence of the master, and in that case, during the rains, they are all crowded up in a small, dark hut, learning prayers by word of mouth from the master, instead of from a book. When a boy is somewhat advanced in learning, he is made to teach the younger ones. However few the scholars, the master has in general great trouble with them, and, in addition to the ordinary punishments, numbers are constantly obliged to be kept in irons. The common way of punishing scholars is as follows: the schoolmaster stands over them with a wax taper, which cuts as severely as a whip, while five or six boys pinch the offender's legs and thighs; and if they spare him, the master gives them a stroke with the taper; but the correction considered most effective for these young Abyssinian rogues, is that of having irons put upon their legs for many months together, which in one instance I knew, proved fatal. It was a grown Agow boy, about thirteen years of age, who had more than once contrived to get his irons off, and desert from the school; for which the master, by desire of the parents, put so heavy a pair of irons upon his ankles, that he found it impossible to get them off: and this enraged him so much, that he drew his large knife, cut his own throat, and soon afterwards expired.

FUNERAL CEREMONIES.

The priests came, and the customary prayers were read, and my poor child was carried away to be buried, his mother following in a distracted manner. After the funeral, the people returned to my house, and when they had cried for half an hour, I begged they would leave off, and let me have a little rest, as I found myself unwell. They complied, and left me with only a few friends; but in a few minutes, the people of Antola, my acquaintances, hearing of my misfortunes, came flocking in, and began their cry; and I was obliged to sit and hear the name of my dead boy repeated a thousand times, with cries that are inexpressible, whether feigned or real. Though no one had so much reason to lament as myself, I could never have shown my grief in so affected a manner, though my heart felt much more.

Before the cry was over, the people with *devves* were standing in crowds about my house, striving who should get in first; and the door was entirely stopped up, till at last my people were obliged to keep the entrance clear by force, and let only one at a time into the house. Some brought twenty or thirty cakes of bread, some a jar of maze, some cooked victuals, fowls and bread, some a sheep, &c.; and in this manner I had my house filled so full, that I was obliged to go out into the yard until things were put in order, and supper was ready. The head priest came with a jar of maze and a cow. What neighbors and acquaintances bring in the manner above mentioned, is called *devves*. The bringers are all invited to eat with you; they talk and tell stories, to divert your thoughts from the sorrowful subject; they force you to drink a great deal; but I remarked, that, at these cries, when the relatives of the deceased become a little tranquil in their minds, some old woman, or some person who can find no one to talk to, will make a dismal cry, saying, "O, what a fine child! and is he already forgotten?" This puts the company into confusion, and all join in the cry,

which perhaps will last half an hour, during which the servants and common people standing about will drink all the maze, and when well drunk, will form themselves into a gang at the door, and begin their cry; and if their masters want another jar of maze to drink, they must pour it out themselves, their servants being so drunk that they cannot stand. In this manner they pass away a day, without taking rest.

I must say, however, that the first part of the funeral is very affecting; and the only fault I can find is, that they bury the dead the instant they expire. If a grown person of either sex, or a priest, is by them when they expire, the moment the breath departs, the cries and shouts which have been kept up for hours before, are recommenced with fury; the priests read prayers of forgiveness while the body is washed, and the hands put across one another upon the lower part of the belly, and tied to keep them in that position, the jaws tied as close as possible, the two great toes tied together, and the body is wrapped in a clean cloth and sewed up, after which the skin called *meet*, the only bed an Abyssinian has to lie upon, is tied over the cloth, and the corpse laid upon a couch and carried to the church, the bearers walking at a slow pace. According to the distance of the house from the church, the whole route is divided into seven equal parts; and when they come to the end of every seventh part, the corpse is set down, and prayers of forgiveness offered to the Supreme Being for the deceased. Every neighbor helps to dig the grave, bringing his own materials for the purpose, and all try to outwork one another. Indeed, when a stranger happens to die where he has no acquaintances, numbers always flock to assist in burying him; and many of the townspeople will keep an hour's cry, as if they had been related.

There is no expense for burying, every one assisting his neighbor, as I have above mentioned. But the priests demand an exorbitant sum, from those who have property, for prayers of forgiveness; and I have seen two priests quarreling over the cloth of a poor dead woman, the only good article she had left. If a man dies and leaves a wife and child, the poor woman is drained of the last article of value she possesses, to purchase meat and drink for those priests, for six months after her misfortune, otherwise they would not bestow a prayer upon her husband, which would disgrace her and render her name odious amongst the populace. In this manner I have known many families ruined. An Agow servant of Mr. Coffin's, who had been left behind with me on account of ill health, died at Chelicut, where he had formerly taken a wife; and the little wages he had saved had enabled him and his wife to keep a yoke of oxen, she having a piece of land of her own. Knowing the land to be very poor, and the great regard he had for his master, I was induced to give a fat cow and a jar of maze to the priests, to pray for the poor man's soul. This they took, and the poor woman made what corn she had into bread and beer for them; after which they refused to keep their weekly *fettart* (prayers of forgiveness) for one month, unless she paid them more; to complete which, and to satisfy these wretches, she was obliged to sell her two oxen; and the poor woman was again reduced to work and labor hard with the pickaxe.—*Nathaniel Pearce.*

BEAUTY.—Let me see a female possessing the beauty of a meek and modest deportment—of an eye that bespeaks intelligence and purity within—of the lips that speak no guile; let me see in her a kind, benevolent disposition, a heart that can sympathize with distress; and I will never ask for the beauty that dwells in ruby lips, or the flowing tresses, or snowy hands, or the forty other et ceteras upon which our poets have harped for so many ages. Those fade when touched by the hand of time, but these ever-enduring qualities of the heart will outlive the reign of those, and grow brighter and fresher, as the ages of eternity roll away.

[ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE.]

EVENING PRAYER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

HUSH! 't is a holy hour—the quiet room
 Seems like a temple, while yon soft lamp sheds
 A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
 And the sweet stillness, down on fair, young heads,
 With all their clust'ring locks, untouch'd by care,
 And bow'd, as flowers are bow'd with night, in prayer.

Gaze on—'t is lovely!—Childhood's lip and cheek,
 Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought—
 Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair, and meek,
 And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought?
 Thou seest what Grief must nurture for the sky,
 What Death must fashion for Eternity!

Oh! joyous creatures! that will sink to rest,
 Lightly, when those pure orisons are done,
 As birds with slumber's honey-dew oppress,
 'Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—
 Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
 Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

And take the thought of this calm vesper time,
 With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
 On through the dark days fading from their prime,
 As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight!
 Earth will forsake—oh! happy to have given
 Th' unbroken heart's first fragrance unto Heaven.

Selected.

PHYSICAL DEBILITY OF AMERICAN WOMEN.

BY MISS BEECHER.

But the second and still greater difficulty, peculiar to American women, is, delicacy of constitution, which renders them victims of disease and decay.

The fact, that the women of this country are usually subject to disease, and that their beauty and youthfulness are of shorter continuance than the women of other nations, is one which always attracts the attention of foreigners, while medical men and philanthropists are constantly giving fearful monitions as to the extent and alarming increase of the evil. Investigations make it evident, that a large proportion of young ladies from the wealthier classes have the incipient stages of curvature of the spine, one of the most sure and fearful causes of future disease and decay. The writer has heard medical men, who have made extensive enquiries, say, that probably one of every six of the young women at boarding schools are affected in this way, while many other indications of disease and debility exist, in cases where this particular evil cannot be detected.

In consequence of this enfeebled state of their constitution, induced by a neglect of their physical education, as soon as they are called to the responsibilities and trials of domestic life, their constitution fails, and their whole life is rendered a burden; for no person can enjoy existence when disease throws a dark cloud over the mind and incapacitates her for the proper discharge of her duty.

It would seem as if the primeval curse, that has written the doom of pain and sorrow on one period of a young mother's life, in this country, has been extended over all; so that the hour never arrives when "she forgetteth her sorrow for joy that a man is born into the world." Many a mother will testify, with shuddering, that the most exquisite sufferings she ever endured, were not those appointed by nature, but those which, for week after week, have worn health and spirits when nourishing her child. And medical men teach us that this in most cases, results from debility of constitution consequent on the mismanagement of early life. And so frequent and so mournful are these and other distresses that result from the failure of the female constitution, that the writer has repeatedly heard mothers say that they had wept tears of bitterness over their infant daughters for the sufferings which they were destined to undergo; while they cherished the decided wish that these daughters should never marry. At the same time, many a reflecting young woman is looking to her future prospects with very different feelings and hopes from those which Providence designed.

American women are exposed to a far greater amount of intellectual and moral excitement than those of any other land. Of course, in order to escape the danger resulting from this, a greater amount of exercise in the fresh air, and all those methods which strengthen the constitution, are imperiously required.

But instead of this, it will be found that owing to the climate and customs of this nation, there are no women who secure so little of this healthful and protective regimen. Walking and riding, and gardening in the open air, are practised by women of other lands to a far greater extent than by American females. Most English women, in the wealthiest classes, are able to walk six or eight miles on a stretch, without oppressive fatigue; and when they visit this country, always express their surprise at the inactive habits of the American ladies. In England, the regular daily exercise in the open air is required by the mother as a part of daily duty, and is sought by young women as employment.

In consequence of a different physical training, English women in those circles that enjoy competency, present an appearance which always strikes American gentlemen as a contrast to what they see at home. An English mother, at thirty or thirty-five, is in the full bloom of perfected womanhood, as fresh and healthful as her daughters. But where are the American mothers who can reach this period unfaded and unworn? In America, young ladies in the wealthier classes are sent to school from early childhood, and neither parents nor teachers make it a definite object to secure a proper amount of fresh air and exercise, to counterbalance their intellectual taxation.

As soon as they pass their school-days, dressing, visiting, evening parties and stimulating amusements take the place of study, while the most unhealthful modes of dress add to the physical exposure. To make morning calls, or do a little shopping, is all that can be called their exercise in the fresh air; and this, compared to what is needed, is absolutely nothing, and on some accounts is worse than nothing. In consequence of these, and other evils, the young women of America grow up with such a delicate constitution, that probably eight out of ten become subjects of disease either before or as soon as they are called to the responsibilities of domestic life.

Original.

THE HUSBAND TO HIS SICK WIFE.

BY REV. C. W. DENISON.

WIFE of my youth! since we were wed,
 'Tis now a half a score of years;
 And oh! how swiftly have they sped,
 With us the path of smiles and tears!
 I see thee now as when we rose
 And vowed, before the nuptial shrine—
 When, for a life of weals and woes,
 Thy hand—thy heart I had—was mine.

Dear Mary! what a chequered scene,
 Since then, have we together passed!
 See! light and shade close intervene—
 The pleasant calm, the howling blast:
 But, Mary, in the clouds that swept
 On wings of gloom across the sky,
 How many mercies sweetly slept,
 To pour upon us from on high!

The darkest storm-cloud often bears
 The brightest rainbow on its breast;
 So, to the christian, gloomiest cares
 Are oft with loveliest rays imprest;
Newton, Ms.

Each cloud becomes, like Israel's,
 A bow of tints, a spire of light,
 Guiding through being's dreary dells,
 A shield by day, a lamp by night.

Mary, I see thee drooping now;
 I hear thee moaning by my side;
 The light seems fading on thy brow—
 Thy life-spring ebbing in its tide:
 But, Mary, thou hast light that throws
 A token on foreshadowed things—
 A well of life that gently flows
 From pure and everlasting springs.

Yes, Mary, 'tis a blissful thought,
 That we together pass away,
 Like kindred clouds in union brought
 To meet and fade at close of day:
 One cloud may linger in the sky
 When its companion-cloud is gone—
 How sweet to think they join on high,
 And rise together at the dawn.

MARRIAGE.

MARRIAGE always effects a decided change in the sentiments of those who come within its sacred pale under a proper sense of the responsibilities of the married state. However delightful the intercourse of wedded hearts, there is, to a well-regulated mind, something extremely solemn in the duties imposed by this interesting relation. The reflection that an existence which was separate and independent, is ended, and that all its hopes and interests are blended with those of another soul, is deeply affecting, as it imposes the conviction that every act which shall influence the happiness of the one, will color the destiny of the other.

But when the union is that of love, this feeling of dependence is one of the most delightful that can be imagined. It annihilates the habit of selfish enjoyment, and teaches the heart to delight in that which gives pleasure to another. The affections become gradually enlarged, expanding as the ties of relationship and the duties of life accumulate around, until the individual, ceasing to know an isolated existence, lives entirely for others, and for society.

But it is the generous and the virtuous alone, who thus enjoy this agreeable relation. Some hearts there are, too callous to give nurture to a delicate sentiment. There are minds too narrow to give play to an expansive benevolence. A degree of magnanimity is necessary to the existence of disinterested love or friendship.—*Border Tales.*

THE OLD FARM HOUSE.

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE PEARL BY I. B. WOODBURY.

Con Espres.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a 2/4 time signature. The piano accompaniment consists of a treble and bass staff joined by a brace. The vocal line is on a single staff. The score is divided into several systems. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a piano introduction. The second system contains the first line of lyrics: 'Af-ter many, many, many years, How pleasant 'tis to'. The third system continues the lyrics: 'come To the old farm-house where I was born, My first, my childhood's home; To'. The fourth system continues: 'turn a-way my wea-ry eyes From proud ambition's towers, And wander o'er my'. The score includes dynamic markings such as *pp* (pianissimo) and *f* (forte). The piano part features a variety of chords and melodic lines, while the vocal part is a simple melody.

Af-ter many, many, many years, How pleasant 'tis to

come To the old farm-house where I was born, My first, my childhood's home; To

turn a-way my wea-ry eyes From proud ambition's towers, And wander o'er my

na - - - tive hills, A - - mong the trees and bowers. — O, af - ter many, many,

Ritard. *A Tempo. ff*

many years, How pleasant 'tis to come To the old farm-house where I was born, My

first, my childhood's home.

ff

2.
It scarce has changed since last I gazed
On yonder tranquil scene,
And sat beneath the old witch elm
That shades the village green,
And watched my boat upon the brook,
As 'twere a regal galley,
And sighed not for a joy on earth
Beyond the happy valley.
O, after many, &c.

3.
Those days I do recall again, —
That bright and blameless joy;
I summon to my weary heart
The feelings of a boy,
And look on scenes of past delight
With all my wonted pleasure,
And feel as though I'd found, at last,
The only, only treasure.
O, after many, &c.